

My Thanksgiving

[Don Henley](#)

Well, a lot of things have happened
Since the last time we spoke
Some of them are funny
Some of them ain't no joke And I trust you will forgive me
If I lay it on the line
I always thought you were a friend of mine And sometimes I think about you
I wonder how you're doing, now
And what you're going through 'Cause the last time I saw you, we were playing with fire
We were loaded with passion and a burning desire
For every breath, for every day of living
And this is my thanksgiving Now, the trouble with you and me, my friend
Is the trouble with this nation
Too many blessings, too little appreciation And I know that kind of notion, well, it just ain't cool
So send me back to Sunday school
Because I'm tired of waiting for reason to arrive
And it's too long we've been living these unexamined lives 'Cause I've got great expectations, I've got family
and friends
I've got satisfying work, I've got a back that bends
For every breath, for every day of living
This is my thanksgiving And have you noticed that an angry man
Can only get so far?
Until he reconciles the way he thinks things ought to be
With the way things are Here in this fragmented world, I still believe
In learning how to give love, how to receive it
And I would not be among those who abuse this privilege
Sometimes you get the best light from a burning bridge And I don't mind saying that I, I still love it all
I wallowed in the springtime
Now, I'm welcoming the fall For every moment of joy, every hour of fear
For every winding road that brought me here
For every breath, for every day of living
This is my thanksgiving For everyone who helped me start
And for everything that broke my heart
For every breath, for every day of living
This is my Thanksgiving

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